The Cat and His Spider

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The Cat and His Spider

by Naeverse

Summary

After a police report, you, Spiderwoman is encountered by the infamous Black Cat who forces you to confront the greed that drives him, and the price he's willing to pay.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

~V i c e # 4~

Week 4: **The Ultimate Prize**

(Oct 20-31)

Greed:

The quiet thief of reason, driving desire past limits until nothing is enough.

-

"*Greed is the hunger that **devours** what it **desires** and **everything it holds***"

M u s i c :

"Animals" - Maroon 5

"Bad Guy" - Billie Ellish

"Dangerous Woman" - Ariana Grande

🐈‍⬛staring: BlackCat!Miguel x Spiderwoman!Fem!Reader

🤍preview: “Spiderwoman,” he purred, his voice dripping with intent, **“I want *you*.”** The cat confessed with a toothy grin, chuckling as your shock was evident, even through the mask. “What can I say? A cat gets bored playing with the same toys,” he groaned, his voice heavy with a mix of weariness and desire.

Burying his face in your neck, he nuzzled the sensitive skin of your throat, a low purr rumbling in his chest as he inhaled your scent again. “Rob enough stores, steal too many jewels, and money starts to lose its value—its *reason*,” he murmured, his breath warm against your skin.

“I need more—something challenging, something new. Something no one else would think to acquire—or to *claim*.”

💰summary: *After a police report, you, Spiderwoman is encountered by the infamous Black Cat who forces you to confront the greed that drives him, and the price he's willing to pay.*

🖤tw/cw: Adult Themes, Big Dick Miguel, Biting, Black Cat (Miguel O’Hara), Dirty Talk, Erotic Fiction Exhibitionism, Forbidden Love, Hero/Villain Dynamics, Male/Female, Marking, Mature Content, Mutual Pining, Outside Sex, Rooftop sex, Spiderwoman (Reader-Insert), Temptation, Unconventional Relationships

❤️Pet names: Amor (*Love*), Arañita *(Little Spider*), Bebè (*Baby*), Cariño (*Darling)*

🤍Rating: 18+ explicit I **SMUT** I

🐈‍⬛Word Count: 8.2k words

The quiet chirps of birds and the usual hum of New York City traffic filled the peaceful night. The prime hour of mischief and villainy had struck at twelve.

You, a spider woman well-accustomed to the troublesome time, perched upon the ledge of a skyscraper. Your body crouched and coiled like a spring, ready to launch at any moment.

Through your mask lenses, your keen eyes scanned the streets below. From this height, the world seemed different—

More tranquil...

Peaceful...

One hand gripped the concrete ledge while the other rested on your knee, tapping rhythmically as you listened intently to the police radio scanner for any nearby crimes.

It felt like a lifetime waiting for a siren, a call for help, or a sign that needed your intervention. But tonight, the only thing calling seemed to be your bed, beckoning from your apartment building.

'It's so quiet. That's a first,' you thought, pressing a gloved finger to the earpiece of your mask to heighten the scanner's volume.

You didn't want to miss a thing.

Returning to the rare calmness of the city, you gazed at the horizon. A soft breeze tugged at the edges of your skin-tight suit, its design and craftsmanship entirely your own.

Your mind wandered to your double life—the life of Y/N. You thought of the responsibilities, obstacles, and challenges that awaited you, still struggling to balance your personas despite being a hero for nearly two years.

A crackling static from your earpiece cut through your thoughts. Your ears perked up as the voice of a male officer broke through, reporting to his fellow comrades—and, unknowingly, to you.

"Dispatch, we've got a report of a robbery in progress at the Fifth Avenue jewelry store. Suspect is believed to be armed. Proceed with caution."

"A robbery?" you muttered. It wasn't unusual—midnight was a common hour for petty theft.

Upon reaching out to shoot a web in preparation for slinging your way to the destination of the robbery, another officer's voice came through—more urgent and frantic than the previous one.

"Dispatch, we have visual confirmation—it's Black Cat! Repeat, Black Cat is on the scene!"

At the mention of the cunning and very familiar villain, you couldn't help but smirk. "Looks like Miguel is up to his old tricks again," you muttered to yourself with a small smile.

You and the mischievous feline had some history—*history* full of many conflicting encounters, where you faced the villain's relentless seduction, crafty words, and, *goodness*, his touches alone were enough to leave you questioning whether you should even capture the thief at all.

Your face warmed underneath your mask at the thought of him.

You always adored Black Cat's honeyed and towering form. Every part of his body was encased in muscles that bulged and moved beneath the fabric of his black and white villain attire.

However, the feline was most famous for his black fur coat. The jacket had a wild, untamed look, with white furry trimmings along the collar and lapels. He always wore the notorious piece unbuttoned, letting his defined 8-pack and taut pecs remain exposed—only further emphasizing the cat's *unfortunate* mutations.

Though, he didn't see them as such.

But it wasn't his attire that made your judgment falter when you were in his presence. Miguel, simply being himself, was what, *secretly*, allured you.

Miguel O'Hara wielded his mutation like it had always been a part of him, despite the genetic manipulation he endured as a scientist at the notorious laboratory, Alchemax being what caused him to become what he was now.

Though using such powers for unethical things like theft wasn't admirable, his confidence in himself still impressed you...

More than you expected.

With a motion of grace and fluidity, you pushed off the ledge to dive into the open air, racing to the scene.

The wind whipped past you, as you spun mid-flight to extend an arm, shooting a web towards a nearby building. The webline caught hold and you held on tight, swinging your weight through the bustling streets of New York.

The city, remaining true to it being a place of unrest, showcased individuals still roaming the sidewalks and visiting establishments in search of fun despite the lateness.

You swung past shocked and awe-struck citizens, the many lights from the passing towers bouncing off your mask lenses. Your eyes scanned the streets before finally landing on the reported jewelers.

'This is the place.' You thought, circling the perimeter for the naughty feline to find the sidewalks completely empty. "Typical." The murmur escapes you at the discovery.

Quietly and discreetly, you lowered yourself onto the exterior of the store, using your ability to cling onto walls to your advantage. You stuck to the shadows, peering in through the windows of the store to find an unusual sight.

Nothing was disturbed…

Your eyebrows furrowed at the revelation.

The glass cases of jewelry held all their stored gems and accessories, the alarm hadn't been triggered and neither was there any sign of a break-in.

Something was off...

"Weird…" You whispered, shooting a webline to a nearby streetlight to pull your weight to the designated position.

Landing perched on the hood of the pole, your eyes surveyed the area, a sense of uncertainty clinging to your being.

Suddenly, an intense, yet familiar tingle shot through you like an electric current.

Your head snapped in the direction that was drawing every nerve of your body towards, overhearing a loud *crash* and *scratch* from a nearby alley, one similar to metal and claws.

Swiftly, you followed the sound.

Leaping from your spot, you swung, landing lightly on your feet in the foot of the alleyway next to the shop.

The alley was eerily quiet, the scurrying of critters and a dripping of a leaky pipe being the only sounds that filled your ears. Cautiously, you stepped further into the dark aisle, your senses on high alert for any unusual noises or signs of the villain's presence.

Glancing to your left, you spotted a vent, torn from its hinges that led out of the jewelry shop and a few claw marks surrounding the brick walling.

"He was certainly here, only his claws could cause such damage." You acknowledged to yourself, running a gloved finger along the deep indentation of his talon along the exterior. But, your suspension of the cat's presence was further confirmed when your scanners picked up on an item that belonged to the feline, and him alone.

White hair from his mane.

You scoffed, crouching down to inspect the piece closer. Picking up the coarse strand in your gloved fingers, your eyes trailed along it, the screens in your mask lenses identifying it to, *indeed*, be his.

"You are becoming sloppy, kitty." You uttered, removing a small circular gadget from the strap of your waist, tucking the loose loc inside for safekeeping for the police.

Before you could further examine the alley, that intense tingle shot through your being once more, accompanied by a deep, confident voice echoing from behind you, sending a shiver down your spine.

"Still listening to police scanners, *arañita* ? It makes you predictable."

Miguel O'Hara—the Black Cat himself—spoke from behind you, emerging from the shadows of the alley.

A playful smirk adorned his lips as the moonlight highlighted his mischievous red eyes, piercing fangs, and the scar etched along his right eye. His presence brought on a sense of uneasiness and, dare you say…

Excitement.

You rolled your eyes, hastily attaching the disk back to your waist before rising to face him. "Me? Predictable? Says the villain who gets his kicks robbing jewelry stores. Isn't this your fourth one this week?" you retorted, trying to ignore how he always seemed to make your heart skip a beat.

Miguel chuckled, the sound rumbling through the night. "I see someone's keeping a close eye on me. Should I be flattered or worried?"

"You wish," you replied, thankful for the steadiness in your voice despite the fluttering in your chest.

Your gaze traveled along his body, noting his massive build and bulging arms that hinted at his evident strength. But you knew better than to underestimate him—his immense agility made him even more dangerous.

His scarlet eyes swept over your face, studying you intently. A hum of disapproval escaped him. "Why lie, *muñeca*?" he teased, stepping closer. His movements were graceful, almost feline, as his gaze never left yours.

"I can hear your heart, you know. Keen hearing and all," Miguel murmured, gesturing to his furry, white cat ears with a clawed finger.

You stood your ground as he approached, his towering frame closing the space between you. His presence engulfed you, the faint scent of his expensive cologne—*likely stolen*—lingering in the air.

"I can hear your little heart beating against your ribcage, Spiderwoman. It's quite loud, *amor*. *Very loud*," he said, a sly smile revealing his sharp canines. The sight stirred a mix of discomfort and… something else entirely.

When Black Cat spoke, his voice carried a sultry, husky tone designed to seduce. Like a siren's call, it was nearly impossible to ignore, no matter how hard you tried.

You swallowed hard, shaking off your embarrassment. "We're not here to talk about me, Miguel. We're here for *you*," you said sternly, grateful your mask concealed the flush spreading across your cheeks. "So either come willingly, or I'll take you to the police by force."

At your words, a deep, rumbling laugh erupted from him, his broad chest shaking beneath his black fur coat. The sound echoed through the quiet alley, catching you off guard.

"*Arañita*, I thought you were smart. You disappoint me," he said mockingly, tapping a finger against your forehead. The gesture earned him a sharp glare from you.

"Use your eyes, *chica*. What jewels have I stolen? What bags am I carrying?" he asked, a fanged grin spreading across his face, as though he held a secret only he understood.

Your brows furrowed as you realized the truth in his words. Black Cat carried no bags, no evidence of a robbery. But why would you trust a cunning thief like him?

You wouldn't…

Never…

You scoffed, your eyes narrowing from under your spider mask.. “Nice try, kitty, but I'm not falling for your games.”

“*Ahh, pero no hay juego*.” He stated, holding his white gloved hands up defensively, and shaking his head, his white mane swaying with the motion. “I tell the honest truth, *arañita*. I've stolen nothing.”

Despite his *'honesty,'* you couldn't bring yourself to believe him. The thought of priceless jewels stashed away somewhere he knew about filled your mind, leaving his words hard to trust.

“You may claim innocence, cat, but I’m certain I heard reports of you committing a robbery here,” you said, your tone laced with annoyance. “So let’s skip the theatrics.”

Miguel snickered, leaning closer. His overwhelming presence and air of dominance made it hard to think clearly. “My little Spiderwoman, you wear confusion and irritation quite well. They’re striking looks on you,” he teased before sighing dramatically. “But it seems, idiota, you’re more predictable than I thought.”

“I am n-not predictable, and do not call me that!” You snapped, not going to take such name-calling from a man who spent his time committing petty theft for entertainment.

Black Cat laughed, tracing a gloved finger along your jaw. The sensation of his claw through your suit sent a shiver down your spine. “I’m just being honest, amor. Maybe you don’t know me as well as you think.”

Your breath hitched at the stroke his fingers made along your face, his touch enticing. Miguel smirked, taking notice of how you lingered in his palm, neither accepting nor pulling away. “If you did, you’ll know if I was *truly* stealing something, I wouldn't have stuck around to be found.”

The feline chuckled when you finally pulled away, regaining your senses. “And you’ve said it yourself, *bebé*,” he continued, grabbing your chin roughly and pulling you back toward him, making you yelp. “Robbing jewelry stores gets boring after a while. I crave the fun—*the thrill*—**you give me that, *arañita*.”** His voice was low, almost a purr, his scarlet eyes roaming you like prey.

You found yourself speechless at his admission. Wetting your lips and swallowing to cleanse your dry throat, the gears in your head started to spin.

‘This can't be what I think it is… right!?’

You gulped, forcing yourself to maintain a stern gaze behind your mask and not allow fear nor his grip on your chin to deter you. “So…this was a trap? And I fell for it?”

“Like prey wandering into the jaws of the beast.” Miguel clarified with a snicker.

As you feared, your suspicions proved true. Your eyes widened behind your lenses, preparing to fire a web to blind him, but he was faster.

A startled yelp escaped you as his massive hands seized your wrists, slamming you against the alley wall. “Too slow, *muñeca*,” he rasped darkly, pinning your arms above your head. Without hesitation, he trailed his nose along your sensitive throat, inhaling your scent.

“*Fuck*, you’re something else, Spiderwoman. *Really* something.”

You gasped when his hand slid lower, delivering a sudden, shameless squeeze to your rear. Your body jolted in his grip, heat flooding your face at the intensity of his touch.

His large hand lingered, gripping you firmly, sending a shiver down your spine. He hummed in satisfaction, leaning closer, his chest trapping you against the cold brick wall of the jewelry store. He inhaled deeply, savoring your scent like a patron indulging in the scent of freshly baked bread.

Miguel’s body boxed you in against the cold brick wall of the jewelry store, his solid chest pressing firmly against your form, the stark contrast enough to make your knees weak.

“Even though… y-you may have tricked me, the cops are still on their way,” you spat, finally finding your voice. Your eyes narrowed in defiance as they locked onto his.

Miguel's wandering hand stilled, his face lifting from your neck to meet your gaze.

The corner of his lips curved into a wicked smirk, a soft snicker escaping him. “*Arañita*, are you high under that mask? Drunk?” he teased, tugging tauntingly at the edge of your face covering.

You jerked your head away from his hand, determined to keep your identity hidden, though his words left you utterly confused. “N-no, I’m not—”

“Then tell me why it didn’t register in that cute, little head of yours that when I said this was a trap... it *was* a trap.” He chuckled, and your heart plummeted.

Miguel’s gloved palm slid over the taut fabric of your suit, his touch sending a jolt through your body. “So no, no cops will be coming to save you, Cariño,” he affirmed, his sharp eyes locking onto yours, glowing with amusement.

Your mind struggled to make sense of it. ‘*Even the cops were a trap!? But I always listen to the police scanner... how could it be fake? This can’t be true.’* You panicked, shaking your head.

“B-But the police officers, I-I heard them,” you stammered. “T-they sounded real.” You tried to ignore the way your body burned with unwanted ecstasy at his sensual touches, how a treacherous part of you craved more.

The cat villain hummed in amusement. “Oh, they *did* sound real, didn’t they? But you’re not the only one with exceptional technology, baby.” He teased, tapping a claw against one of your mask’s lenses. The sudden gesture made you jump in his arms.

Your breathing quickened, fear flooding your mind as the pieces finally fell into place.

The unscathed shop. The evident signs of his presence. His ‘sloppy’ escape. His sudden appearance. Every detail screamed trap, and you had walked right into it.

Like an idiot, you’d served yourself up to the cat on a silver platter. You’d never felt so foolish.

“Why did you do this!? W-what do you want from me!?” you shouted, thrashing beneath him, desperately trying to free your arms from his vice-like grip. But it was useless—he was too strong.

“Relax, *cálmate*, little Spider,” Black Cat murmured soothingly, his voice a low purr meant to lull you into submission. “I just wanted a little time with you. You’re a hard woman to find, after all. A guy has to get creative.” His gloved hand slid to your hip, squeezing it firmly under his fingers.

You bit your lip, trying to swallow your irritation—and the betraying sounds of pleasure threatening to escape.

You couldn’t let him think you were enjoying this.

Even though you were.

“O-Okay… you have my time and my attention. Now, what do you want?” you asked through gritted teeth, your hands clenched into fists where they were pinned above your head.

“Now?” the cat echoed, his piercing scarlet eyes locking onto yours. “Now, you give me what I want, *Cariño*.” His tone was low, commanding, as though you’d stolen something precious, and he was here to claim it back.

Your face twisted in confusion, frustration bubbling beneath the surface. “I… I don’t know what you want.”

A deep growl rumbled from his chest, vibrating through you. “Hmm, but you *do*,” he said, his voice dark and heavy with meaning. “And I’ll get it out of you, one way or another.” His jaw tightened, and his grip on your wrists became more unyielding, a glint of satisfaction flashing in his eyes as you winced.

Your heart pounded erratically, torn between fear and an unsettling arousal. You didn’t know what he was after, couldn’t even fathom where to begin unraveling his intentions.

“*Nngh*... I-I don’t know what you’re talking about, Miguel. *Truly*,” you admitted breathlessly, the thought of escape slipping further and further from your mind.

Because as much as you wanted to break free, there was a part of you—one you desperately wanted to ignore—that didn’t *want* to leave him at all.

Miguel’s predatory gaze roamed over your masked face, his white, furred ears twitching slightly atop his head. “I didn’t think I’d need to spell it out for you, *Arañita*,” he murmured, a smug smirk tugging at his lips.

Before you could process his words, his free hand cupped your chin, forcing you to meet his burning gaze. He pulled you closer, his grip firm but not harsh, his presence overwhelming.

“Spiderwoman,” he purred, his voice dripping with intent, **“I want *you*.”**

The cat confessed with a toothy grin, chuckling as your shock was evident, even through the mask. “What can I say? A cat gets bored playing with the same toys,” he groaned, his voice heavy with a mix of weariness and desire.

Burying his face in your neck, he nuzzled the sensitive skin of your throat, a low purr rumbling in his chest as he inhaled your scent again. “Rob enough stores, steal too many jewels, and money

starts to lose its value—its *reason*," he murmured, his breath warm against your skin.

"I need more—something challenging, something new. Something no one else would think to acquire—or to *claim*." His admission was laced with raw hunger, and the low timbre of his voice drew an involuntary moan from your lips. Mortified, you squeezed your eyes shut in embarrassment.

"I-I'm sorry," you stammered, your voice barely above a whisper, "but I don't want you in return, Miguel."

"Lies, *muñeca*," Black Cat snarled, his sharp canines nipping at your throat through your suit, the pressure just enough to draw a startled whimper from you.

He pulled back to meet your eyes, his expression dark with frustration and unrestrained longing. "All you do is lie—to me, to yourself, to every citizen in New York," he growled, his voice tinged with both scorn and sympathy. "I pity you, Spiderwoman."

His gloved finger traced your lips through the mask, your breath hitching at the intimacy of the gesture.

Black Cat smirked, his confidence unwavering as he released your wrists and cupped your face with both hands. His palms were surprisingly gentle, cradling your head like you were a precious prize he'd won.

"Come on, *bebé*," he coaxed, his lips curling into a sly grin. "Let go with me. Let's have some *fun*."

His scarlet eyes raked over your form, lingering on every curve and detail of your suit, which clung to you like a perfectly wrapped gift. His lip caught between his teeth, his expression one of deliberate, unapologetic desire.

You breathed heavily, the air beneath your mask growing thin. The choice before you felt impossible, the weight of the decision pressing heavily on your chest. This wasn't simple. Whatever you decided now would be life-changing—one wrong move, and everything could crumble.

Turning your head, you tried to deny him once more, no matter how difficult it was. "N-no. I can't."

"But you can," Black Cat purred, his voice smooth and tempting. "And what a delight you'd be when you finally let go, little Spider." His hands traced along your body, every movement deliberate, as he whispered his words of temptation into your ear.

"Just imagine it for a moment," he enticed, his breath warm against your skin. "Just you and me, with no distractions, no outsiders to stop us." His white tail thumped softly against the pavement, a steady rhythm that seemed to soothe your racing thoughts.

You swallowed hard, your hands instinctively gripping his bulging forearms—something, anything, to ground you. You opened your mouth to protest again, but Miguel halted you with a low chuckle.

"It'll simply be me and the pretty lady under the mask," he said, his voice low and intoxicating. "Together, experiencing the passions that normal humans feel. Except we'll be the upgrades." He smirked, his fingers intertwined with yours, and pinning them to the wall once more.

His large hands engulfed yours, and Miguel's lips began to wander. He kissed along your jaw and throat, his touch coaxing the response he desired from you.

Soft moans escaped your lips, your gloved hands squeezing his in return. Your body leaned into his, betraying the denial in your mind.

No matter how much you wanted to resist, you couldn't.

You'd fantasized about this—about Black Cat, about Miguel doing this to you—so many times. You wanted to feel his hands on you, his mouth, his claws, and sharp teeth against your skin.

You longed for everything about him, craving him as you craved air in your lungs. Yet, deep down, a part of you wondered: *would giving in, just this once, ruin you completely?*

Would this moment—*this indulgenc*e—strip you of your worth as a hero? Would it make you unworthy to protect the citizens who relied on you day after day?

Could one moment of weakness destroy everything you had worked for?

But Miguel's words echoed in your mind, replaying over and over like a broken record.

"It'll simply be me and the pretty lady under the mask... together, experiencing the natural passions that normal humans feel."

You might be a mutant, a being gifted with the powers of a spider, but at your core, you were *human*.

Humans make mistakes. Humans desire things—even things that are deemed wrong.

And if humans can be forgiven for their mistakes, then maybe this one indulgence, this one moment of weakness, could be seen for what it truly was:

A human making a mistake…

An evident moan, meant for Miguel's ears, escaped you, his responding groan enough to soak your suit. "O-okay…" you agreed, giving his large hands another squeeze with your own.

You watched Miguel's white, pointy ears perk up and his red eyes snap to yours. The surprise on his face was fleeting, replaced quickly by a fanged grin.

"Ahí está mi pequeña araña traviesa," Miguel mewled, not wasting a moment before slipping a hand from yours, seeking to remove your mask.

Your hand hastily covered his, halting his movement. Meeting his gaze, you looked pleadingly at him, never before feeling so vulnerable before a villain. "Promise me that this stays between us." You said, trying to hide the desperation in your voice.

"Of course, bebè—"

"I'm serious, Miguel O'Hara," you sternly said, gripping his wrist with both of your hands. The size difference was evident as his one, larger arm made your two hands look miniature.

For once, the usually playful and seductive feline mirrored your stoicism. He gave your hands a squeeze as they rested on his forearm. “Whatever happens here stays between us, Cariño,” he replied sincerely, stroking your jaw with his thumb. A sigh escaped him, his eyes hardening at the wavering trust in your voice. “I swear it…

On my deceased daughter.”

Your eyes widened briefly at his words. You knew Miguel’s past well, having read his files more than was probably healthy.

Gabriella O’Hara, Black Cat's only daughter, had passed away from an illness—an illness that could have been prevented had Miguel had the means to afford the necessary treatments at the time.

His files spoke of their father-daughter bond being something impermeable, unlike anything else. It was clear that Gabriella’s tragic passing had pushed him down a dark road, a life of crime fueled by the desire to find joy in the misery of others, in hopes of brightening his own life, however briefly.

Your heart tugged at the thought of such devastation shaping the man before you.

Sneaking a hand up, you cupped his jaw, the tingles that coursed through your body at the contact enough to power a lighthouse. “I… trust you, Miguel,” you whispered, seeing the pain in his red orbs, despite his efforts to conceal it.

With your other hand, your gloved fingers slowly moved to the edge of your mask. Hesitating, you watched the cat villain’s expression shift from stern to anticipation as you removed the head covering of your hero suit, revealing your face—and, with it, *your identity.*

Tugging the loose fabric free, you felt your hair fall down and the cold breeze gently stroke your face, almost as if it were welcoming you with a kind gesture.

Now fully visible, you felt a surge of nervousness. Swallowing to ease the tightness in your throat, you met the cat villain’s gaze, trying to keep your embarrassment in check.

Miguel’s crimson eyes roamed over your face and body, glancing once, twice, even thrice, as if this moment were a dream that might vanish if he blinked. He hummed, letting out a low whistle of approval. “I knew I had taste, but *damn*, aren’t you a sight, *arañita*.” He complimented, brushing a stray hair behind your ear.

Black Cat examined you once more, his hidden fascination with you still rattling him. He flicked his tongue along his fangs, his gaze growing ravenous, **hungry…**

You blushed at his words, trying to maintain a steady expression, but with the absence of your mask, you’d never felt so exposed. “I cannot say the same,” you replied, your voice faltering. “I wouldn’t think my taste would be…” You averted your gaze from him, regretting voicing your inner thoughts about being a hero and feeling drawn to a villain like him.

At your flustered reaction, Black Cat chuckled, cupping your chin to gently turn your face back to him. “Don’t be ashamed, arañita. Everyone has their guilty pleasures.” He purred, pressing your body further into the wall and slipping a hand along your stomach, lower, to tease your clothed pelvis. “*Pleasures* I can surely satisfy.”

You squeezed your eyes shut, distracted by his touches and enticing words, your usual sense of strategic thinking lost in the haze. You'd always planned your next move, carefully considering every possibility, but right now, logic was the last thing on your mind.

His teasing touches along your inner thighs only fueled your desire, leaving you frantically nodding, pleading for more. "P-Please," you stammered, the desperation in your voice undeniable, no longer hiding it.

A sultry smirk spread across Miguel's lips, clearly delighted with your response. He cradled your face in his large, gloved palm, pulling you a hair's breadth away from his lips.

"Hmm… Now, how could I deny such a sweet thing like you, ***arañita*** *?"*

The cat villain purred, his scarlet eyes gleaming with anticipation and desire for what he had in store for his little spider.

Through dazed eyes, you could only stare at the horizon—the same horizon that had entranced you only hours ago, touching your heart like never before.

With trembling limbs and a foggy mind, you wondered if the horizon would have returned your gaze, even for a moment, if it had known what you'd do later…

Would the starry night have glimmered brightly for you if it had known the slurred words you'd speak and the unashamed pleasure you'd feel shortly after?

Would the darkened sky still radiate in its purple and blue hues, like brushstrokes on a canvas, if it had known the lewd thoughts now plaguing your mind?

Worst of all, would the moon have graced you with its beautiful presence tonight if it had known how you would allow such a man—*a villain*—to take you in ways you never thought possible, all under its watchful gaze?

One would never know the answers, but you hoped it would have…

A broken whine escaped your lips as the cat's thick cock touched the blissful spot inside of your pussy. Your back arched on the ledge. Unable to remember when the two of you had climbed onto the rooftop of a building adjacent to the jeweler's shop and alley, to finally soothe the burning itch that had resonated in both of you for far too long."

The cat's massive body, a frame of honeyed muscles and tantalizing scars were stripped bare, laid atop your chest, fucking you over the roof's ledge. His body engulfed your nude one in its musculature whilst his hands gripped you tightly—holding you close between each and every rut of his hips.

"*Sì, sì*… fuck. So tight for me, *muñeca*." He purred, sinking his sharp canines into the soft skin of your neck, biting and sucking dark spots onto your skin before lapping at the tender spot.

You yelped, nails clawing into his burly back. Your legs tightened around his waist as your vision crossed for the fourth time since he'd begun fucking you like he was in heat.

“M-Miguel!” You moaned loudly when his merciless mouth lowered to mark your collarbone and breasts, his thrusting never ceasing.

A dark chuckle escaped the large feline at your loud moans, his tongue tracing patterns along the skin of your breasts. “Might want to keep it down, *amor*, wouldn't want to draw attention.” He snickered breathlessly against your skin, his drooling cock continuing its slow grind in and out your sensitive walls.

The thought of a possible neighboring apartment, full of residents, hearing your wails and cries of pleasure made your face burn in shame.

*‘Gosh, how humiliating would it be if I were found like this— **their** hero, willingly being taken by Black Cat, a villain, right before their eyes?’*

The thought made your heart skip a beat before they were instantly shattered when Miguel's cock slipped out of you, leaving you gasping for air.

Your eyes snapped up to him, his body towering over you as the usual cunning smirk played upon his lips. “Thinking again, *arañita*?” he asked, tracing his bare talons, free from his gloves, along your jaw.

Your eyes fluttered at his touch, feeling an intense heat that even the chilling breeze brushing against your skin couldn't quell.

Shaking your head in his palm, you replied breathlessly, “I—I can’t help it.” You panted, biting your lip, while his tempting touch never ceased.

The cat hummed, resuming his descent, his sharp claws trailing along your throat, over your collarbones, and toward your chest. “That’s a shame, Spiderwoman. It seems you want me to fuck you senseless—help you forget all your little problems,” the villain uttered with a snicker, his sharp eyes locking onto yours. “You’re quite the naughty one.”

Your cheeks flushed at his words, and you hastily denied him. “N-no, it’s not like that—” you tried to say, but your words were cut off as the cat pulled you to your feet, turning you to face the horizon and the towering buildings before you.

His hardened chest pressed against the expanse of your back, aligning perfectly with you. Miguel’s arm wrapped around your waist, his hand stroking your thighs and stomach. “You aren’t a naughty one as you claim, Miss Spider, but let me know if this sounds familiar,” he said huskily into your ear, his rumbling tone vibrating through his chest

A soft whine escaped you when he cupped a breast, rolling the stiff nub underneath his thumb. “You fight tirelessly every day, defending this… *wretched* city from potential dangers, bad guys, and such,” he muttered. “It sounds… *exhausting*, hmm?” The feline inquired, his touch blinding, and the reasoning behind his words rattling you further.

“Y-yes… it is,” you could only muster, whimpering when both of his massive, calloused hands grasped your breasts, squeezing them like stress balls under his palms. He purred, swiping his tongue along the shell of your ear, enjoying how you shuddered.

“And how does my Spiderwoman handle her stress?” Black Cat hummed, your cheeks burning at such a question. You gulped, opening your mouth to speak and answer, but no sound was produced —too embarrassed to respond.

Miguel’s fingers pinched your perky nipples, humming in satisfaction when you mewled in pleasure. “No answer, I see? I’ll guess then,” he said. Despite being behind you, you could tell he was smirking.

“After returning home and… shimmying yourself out of that sexy suit,” he said, giving your breasts a smack that made you gasp. His hands returned to engulf them tightly once more. “You’ll probably shower, have a meal, watch a little television before curling up in bed. *Alone*, I hope…” He trailed off, the wish he voiced carrying a hint of warning.

However, he sighed, releasing your chest and allowing you to breathe again. “But when the lights turn off, and your room becomes dark, that’s when your stress becomes prominent, doesn’t it, *bebè*?” The cat asked, brushing your hair aside to expose your throat, already marked with growing hickeys from his previous bites.

A shaky exhale escaped you as his sharp nails ran along your neck, tracing your pulse point. You hesitated, unwilling to answer him.

Miguel nodded slowly, taking your silence as a response. “That’s a shame, *arañita*,” the feline murmured with a tsk, brushing his rough palms down your arms, goosebumps rising on your skin.

“When you’re alone, you begin to desire, Spiderwoman. Is that your deep secret?” Black Cat asked, your heart pounding so loudly against your chest that you were certain he could hear it.

“But simply desire? That couldn’t be. Humans desire—*we* desire,” the feline snickered, gripping your waist, his lips brushing against your ear. “What dark secret does my little Spider have?” he chuckled darkly.

“I think we both know what *that* is.”

Your entire body tensed, unable to believe how accurate he was. You bit your lip, his white tail coiling around your leg, coaxing you into replying—confirming his suspicions.

You turned your head away, unwilling to voice such a thing—not that. Agreeing was one thing, but speaking aloud your darkest secrets was too much.

Miguel laughed, gripping your chin to pull you back toward him, wanting you to hear his words clearly.

“You began to desire *me* , *arañita* . *That’s* your dark secret.”

Your heart dropped at his knowledge of your hidden truth. You squeezed your eyes shut, wishing to hide under his stern gaze, neither wanting to agree nor disagree with him.

A growl rumbled from the male as his hand slithered up to grasp your throat, gripping it just softly enough to intimidate. He tugged you harshly back against him, his chest pressing against your backside like a thorn. “You still lie, *arañita*. Even after everything, you continue to lie,” he snarled into your ear, feeling his cock throb against the curve of your rear - heavy, thick, and very, *very* hard.

You shook your head, denying his claims of deceit, earning a tight squeeze on your throat that stopped your breathing for a moment. Despite the fear his action provoked, ecstasy coursed through your veins as your eyes rolled, beyond your control.

“M-Miguel—”

“Shh, shh, it’s okay, Spiderwoman,” he silenced you with a dark purr, running his other hand along your thighs. “You want me to work for your admission—your acceptance.” The cat cackled into your ear.

“Well, challenge accepted…”

With a gasp, you were pushed forward, collapsing across the ledge, your hands pressing against the concrete, your rear thrusted upward. Confused, you looked over your shoulder to find red eyes—full of determination and lust—staring back.

Miguel’s large palms gripped your hips, his throat rumbling with a snarl. “I'm going to fuck you until I hear what I want from you, Spiderwoman.” He replied and before you could speak, his girthy shaft was plunged inside of you again, filling you up in an instance.

Your eyes squeezed shut in bliss and agony, fingers gripping the edge of the ledge tightly. The cat didn't hesitate to begin thrusting into you, his hips slamming into your rear in deafening slaps that could be compared to thunderclaps.

“*Mierda*, you are mine, Spiderwoman. You may hesitate and deny it all you want, but this fucking pussy is telling me all that I need.” He spat breathlessly, leaning over to grasp your chin roughly. “Now I just need your lips to speak the same.” He growled, turning your head to capture your lips in a bruising kiss, not seeking your comfort and continuing to pound into your sloppy cunt.

Miguel sought to draw out his desired words from your mouth and break your resolve with his cock, willing to do so until you both were sore and burnt out if need be.

Your mind felt hazy, slowly becoming drunk on the feeling of his fat member rearranging your insides. The rough kiss left you further dazed as you tighten your grip on the ledge, feeling it crack under your enhanced strength.

Black Cat huffed, pulling away to grab a fistful of your hair, tugging you back. The feline's tip touched deeper inside you, his brutal pace, never slowing.

You whimpered, euphoric tears pricking at the corners of your eyes from the overwhelming pleasure. “Say it, *bebè*. Say you want me—*fuck*,” he began to babble, his white furry tail tightening around your leg, keeping you rooted in place.

Your back arched into a bow, seeking more of his shaft. The need for him was growing more intense by the minute, your mind becoming filled with Miguel and his girthy cock.

You moaned and mewled in his grip, but no longer could you deny that this very moment was one of your fantasies turned into reality.

Black Cat read your life to you as if he had lived it, every detail so accurate it was a little unsettling.

After your work as Spiderwoman, you returned home and settled for the night, thoughts of him creeping into your mind.

His white mane, furry tail, red eyes, sharp fangs, towering height, scars, muscles, spiked choker, fur jacket, and all-black-and-white attire filled your head in the seclusion of your bedroom.

You tossed and turned, tormented by his tempting yet forbidden features—things you couldn't have, things you *shouldn't* have.

But each night you found your hands roaming your body, touching yourself and imagining it was him. Using toys with the thought of his cock being what drove your movements, even going as far to moan his name upon release, knowing every orgasm you made that night was for him and him alone.

Black Cat was your guilty pleasure—a taboo fantasy that only took form inside the safety of your mind and bedroom. But now, standing before you, experiencing everything you had ever wanted, you found yourself uttering the words the feline villain had long sought from you.

"I—I want you… Miguel."

You confessed aloud, your chest heaving from the intense pleasure and the mix of difficulty and relief in finally revealing your deep, dark secret

You felt Miguel's arm tighten around your waist, a curse following with purrs of approval and ecstasy escaping him at your admission. "Hmm… there you go, Miss Spider. It feels good accepting your fate, giving in to your desires, doesn't it?" he hummed, untangling his fingers from your hair to place his other hand on your waist. "I'm pleased, Spiderwoman, but I don't trust it. Not yet." The cat practically hissed, his claws digging enticingly into the soft skin of your hips, marking you with his talons.

His thrusts halted as he trailed open-mouthed kisses along your shoulder, up your neck and to your ear, tugging at the lobe with his teeth. "I want you to prove it to me." The villain instructed, your eyebrows furrowed in confusion.

A soft smack upon your rear made you jump that only left the feline chuckling. "I want you to show me your eagerness, *arañita,* and if I must spell it out." He mockingly replied, his cock still inside you but completely still due to his lack of motion.

"Move your hips." The cat directed, taking the flesh of your hips into his palms and tugging you forward and back along his shaft. It wasn't long that your whimpers began to fill the night sky again.

Understanding what he was asking of you, you began to take control. You wanted the cat villain to know how you truly felt about him, despite how shameful your feelings were.

You began to rock back onto his fat cock, slowing your movements to relish in every vein and ridge of his shaft as it traveled in and out of your sensitive walls.

The cat cursed, giving your ass another smack. "*Fuck*—yes, that's my good girl."He praised, his moans only encouraged you and filled you more with confidence.

Slurred confessions began to spill from your mouth like a leaky faucet, your pace quickening whilst your high rose simultaneously. “Y-yes... I’ve wanted you... M-Miguel, f-for a while now.”You admitted with a moan, eyes fluttering at how he twitched inside of you with your every word.

"I-I’m sorry it took... so long," you gasped, your chest heaving."I was... afraid." You paused, eyes fluttering shut for a moment before continuing, your voice shaky. "But now... I know..." Another deep inhale, your body trembling with the intensity. "My desire for you... is more than my fear." You stammered between mewls, your ass colliding with his hips with a loud slap each time.

The Black Cat growled, aroused further. Wrapping a forearm around your throat and gripping your waist, he pulled you to his chest, breathing into your ear. “Tell me more, spiderwoman. What else did you seek from me?” He inquired, his voice more slurred and raspy than before as he took control once more, pounding his shaft into you.

The bulgy muscle of his arm was pressed just right into your throat, engulfing you in his sweaty scent and musk that only made you drip puddles along his rapid shaft. “I-I wanted your touch…” you gasped, struggling to get the words out as your body trembled. “Y-your mark... from your fangs... and your…” You paused to catch your breath, heart racing, the weight of your confession sinking in… “A-and your c-cock!” You wailed out, feeling a harsh burn in the pit of your stomach beginning to grow.

Black Cat hummed, holding you to him, practically gluing your backside to his chest. His dick pounded into you, his shaft drenched in your combined juices. “I knew you were my… naughty, *naughty* girl.” He snickered breathlessly, his tail tightening around your calf.

“Ay Coño.” The curse escaped him. “Going to claim you, *arañita*. Going to fill this pretty pussy up, and you are going to enjoy it*, sí*?” The cat villain promised, his voice airy

You frantically nodded, moaning loudly as the pleasurable tears you tried to hold back began to stream down your cheeks. “P-please, please, please,” you chanted upon reaching your limit.

At your pleas, the feline rested his chest flat against your back, covering his large hands with yours to rest upon the concrete ledge before you. His movements became more purposeful and precise for the last time, slamming into you at an angle that touched that spot inside you repeatedly.

Your eyes rolled into your skull, fingers squeezing his so harshly you'd believe his digits would snap any moment.

With a final thrust, you released. Seeing white, you were overwhelmed by a wave of tingles and euphoric bliss, the feeling of your juices trickling down your hot skin going unnoticed.

Your tightness led Miguel to follow you over the edge. A guttural groan erupted from the Latino villain, his load filling up your inners and leaving you warm and full.

A peaceful silence settled upon the rooftop, broken only by your panting breaths and the occasional honking of cars down below.

Breathing heavily, the feline wrapped an arm around your midsection, stroking your stomach and nuzzling your hair. “Spiderwoman, you do not disappoint,” he chuckled breathlessly, inhaling the scent of your shampoo and enjoying the feeling of you in his arms.

The cat villain purred in contentment, the wind rustling his white mane and kissing the tips of his furry ears. “I never thought I'd find thrill in something else that didn’t leave my pockets filled with riches,” he confessed with a laugh, lapping his tongue along your neck to clean up the sweat there.

“So, let’s not make this our only playtime, hmm? I don’t believe I can simply leave here today, *knowing* how good you feel and unable to experience it again,” he admitted, resting his chin on your shoulder. His tail swished, and a purr rumbled from his throat when he was around you.

“So, what do you say? Want to have more fun with me—” Miguel’s words halted as he noticed the sleeping hero in his arms. The villain chuckled, not believing how long he’d rambled on, only to discover that he had been speaking to himself the whole time.

“A question for another time, then,” he trailed off with a sigh, pressing a kiss to your throat.

“Goodnight, ***arañita*** *. Dream of me, would you?”*

You groaned in annoyance at the beaming sun shining onto your closed eyelids. You shifted, feeling a blanket covering your body, which you didn’t hesitate to tug closer to your form.

Lying between a state of consciousness and unconsciousness, the recollections of last night began to fill your mind, causing your eyes to snap open.

“Miguel?” you called out, looking around to find yourself tangled in a series of comfy blankets, the rooftop empty except for you.

Your heart tugged at the feline’s disappearance.

Heaving a sigh, you drew back the sheets to find your Spiderwoman attire adorning your body. You couldn’t help but smile, aware that you had been nude before sleep claimed you, leaving the idea that Black Cat was the one who clothed you.

You stood, hastily tugging on your mask and beginning to roll up the blankets. “But why did you leave without saying goodbye?” you muttered glumly when you noticed a small, robotic white-and-black cat fall onto the floor from the bundle of sheets you held.

“One of Miguel’s kittens!?” you gasped, crouching down to pick up the small gadget that resembled the cunning feline.

You’d seen the robotic kitten many times before, knowing them best as tools for many of Miguel’s tasks, from spying to delivering messages. The little gadget was impressive tech, typical of the feline.

Pressing the red orb of the little cat’s eye and finally pulling its white tail, it began to speak aloud its recorded message:

“Good morning, Little Spider. Hope you slept well with the amount of drooling you did on my chest. I would have loved to stick around and bless your eyes with a sexy sight in the morning, but I

had urgent business that needed taking care of. I assure you, ***arañita*** *, we'll meet again.* ***Very soon.***

Also, be sure to return the blankets—someone in a nearby laundromat just might be missing them.

Until then, keep your bed empty for me. I plan on filling it soon, Spiderwoman."

The message concluded, and the robotic kitten fell silent, Miguel's voice fading as quickly as it had spoken.

You wistfully smiled, running a finger along the miniature, cunning feline's white mane, wishing it was the real Black Cat's.

"I already miss the furry idiot," you breathed, tucking the robot into the strap on your waist before deciding it was time to take your leave.

Picking up the bundle of blankets that Black Cat would say he "borrowed," you shot a webline to a neighboring building, swinging through the morning air toward, hopefully, the location of a laundromat that had recently experienced a thievery.

However, as you traveled, your mind was filled with thoughts of the cat and how uncertain your future would be now that such an occurrence had happened.

But you found yourself, not regretting a thing.

People make mistakes, some repeating the same ones over and over again, and yes, you were a hero —a mutant with powers far beyond, but you would always be…

Human…

A human that wouldn't mind making mistakes here and there, especially if that mistake was a walking cat mutant with red eyes, a white tail, and a signature black fur coat.

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End Notes

A/N: I hope you enjoyed "The Cat and His Spider!" As always, it was a pleasure writing Miguel as a sly, cat villain. Goodness, he was literally so scrumptious!! 😍😍

This marks the finale of the Vicetober 2024 event, which I created with my older sister, @powerful-niya. Apologies once again for it spilling over into the new year—personal life and education got in the way for both of us, making it difficult to write. But I'm happy we were still able to complete this event for our wonderful fans! Love you guys so much! 🖤🤍🖤🤍

Following Vicetober 2024, I'll be returning to my normal works. This includes asks, my kink series Entangled Desires, oneshots, and continuing stories like Tangled in His Webs, Lapdog, and many more—so be on the lookout! 😏
However, when it comes on AO3, I'll be in the process of transferring my work from Tumblr to here. But, if you are interested in the things I just mentioned, check out my tumblr! It's the same name!

Once again, thank you so much to everyone who was excited about this event and enjoyed my posts. I truly appreciate it!

Make sure to give kudos, share, comment, and follow if you enjoy events like this—perhaps I'll do another? We'll never know, lol. 🤷🏾‍♀️ If you'd like to submit a request for Entangled Desires or share an idea in general, just message or send an ask to me on Tumblr! Don't be nervous—your idea could be amazing! I hope you have a wonderful day—stay safe! 🖤🤍

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!